

# THE RECLAIMER



BURCHIT '19



# Meet Me at Summers! Norfolk, Mass.

**Dinners and Lunches Served**  
Transient and Permanent Guests

## DEDHAM STREET GARAGE

**Nearest Garage to Hospital**  
**Repairing and Supplies**  
**Rental Service Day or Night**

TELEPHONE WRENTHAM 100

## Franklin National Bank

Franklin  
Mass.

Native Poultry Dressing Plant  
49 North Centre St., Boston

Sausage Factory and Smoke Houses  
Blackstone and North Sts.

Curing Plants  
Boston and Chicago

# BATCHELDER & SNYDER CO.

## *Packers & Poultry Dressers*

WHOLESALE ONLY



Offices and Stores

*Beef, Mutton, Lamb, Veal, Pork, Hams,  
Bacon, Sausages, Poultry, Game,  
Butter, Cheese, Eggs, Olive Oils.*

BLACKSTONE, NORTH AND NO. CENTRE STREETS  
**BOSTON, MASS.**



# THE RECLAIMER

Vol. I.

"WE CAN IF WE WILL"

No. 14.

## HELP US PROTECT OUR HONOR.

The honor of the uniform is being desecrated by organized squads of petty grafters who are going about the country in the guise of discharged soldiers and who are asking alms or selling alleged souvenirs.

They are not real soldiers and never were.

They are dragging in the dust of disgrace the ideals of honesty and sincerity for which we men of the line have given and suffered through the crimson days which have gone.

We feel most deeply this insult to our dignity.

We are asking the public to help us in stopping the "game" for these fakirs who are capitalizing the sympathy and patriotism of honest folks.

These besmirchers of the uniform are preying upon the general lack of understanding of soldiers. You "civies" have been so busy backing us up through the loan drives and devising new ways of war work that you could not analyze our thoughts as we went to the call of the colors.

The facts are these: The men who went to face the holocaust of Prussian hate offered their all in order that Americans might keep the right to earn an honest living. They would rather die, they proclaimed when they stepped to the front, than have an autocracy look after their meals.

The soldiers went through all the living hells of war for that ideal. It is set in their hearts forever. They have learned to bear their own burdens, even when they stumbled beneath the load. They have suffered in silence. They have given to death with a smile. They are not beggars and never will be.

American soldiers have shown that they can die for honor and they will not accept the dishonor of begging nickels.

We men of the rank and file know this. These mean crooks who swindle the public feel that we know it. When a real soldier approaches them they sneak down an alley or hide in a doorway.

So it falls on your civilians to help us in our new "clean-up" drive. Don't give to these beggars. Shut off their "easy money" and they will go out of business.

If soldiers are in want the government will take care of them. Do the government the justice of not wasting your money on swindlers.

Help us protect the honor of the olive drab uniform by refusing to encourage these rogues.

SGT. FIRST CL. VERLIN J. HARROLD.

Private Sidney McCumber, our master bugler, has been confined to the infirmary for several days having had his tonsils removed.



MEDICAL STAFF, U. S. G. H. NO. 34.

## JE M'EN VAIS A LA GUERRE.

### Part II.—Lt. Dodge.

It was a beautiful night with a crescent moon slowly sinking in the West and bright stars in the sky, while all about was still and quiet save for some dark objects occasionally moving by on the smooth waters of that inland channel. Looking sharply, one might make out the forms of several ships not very far away, lying silently as we, and we judged, waiting for the same dash into the unknown that we were about to take. That day the streets and docks of the English port had been swarming with the light-hearted khaki-clad Americans and we judged that the other boats were laden with many souls on the same mission for liberty and justice.

Everything must be hushed and quiet for the air seems to absorb even a whisper and the enemy may be lying in wait for us if we are not cautious. As there was nothing to do in the darkness we threw ourselves on the deck to get a few minutes' sleep before the start, as none of us believed that we would sleep much on the trip across the channel.

Perhaps it is that we are anxious or we may be over-tired but the deck seemed harder than any floor which we have ever slept on before. Even the cement floor was soft in comparison, and as we had no blankets or clothing, save what we slept in, we were all restless and wakeful. At about 11.30 we began to move and the great steel mesh gates which barred the

mouth of the channel were swung open at a special code signal allowing us to go out and from then on, we were to take care of ourselves. The small transport was very fast and we shot forward as if we had broken an anchor chain and soon everything danced on the tables and about the deck with the vibration of the engines. It seemed from our great speed that nothing could catch us and nothing did for we emerged out of the blackness of the English Channel into one of the harbors of France about four hours after leaving England.

Daylight came and with it there gradually came out of the misty darkness the most beautiful panorama of the shores of France. The ships, the waterfront and the hills beyond, with several beautiful old castles dating back to the middle ages, nestled in the dark August green. Looking at this beautiful picture it was hard to realize that in one part of this beautiful land there was raging perhaps at this very hour, the zero hour, a mortal combat between armies of men turned ages and ages back until all the savagery that once belonged to man had been uncovered again and was now used in combination with the most advanced scientific means of destroying life; but as you look over far to the right you might see a mill or blast furnace of immense size belching out smoke and fire for they were making, in that place, some of the implements to be used perhaps by us to destroy our fellow men.

(Continued on page 7 Col. 3)



## "MY FIRST RIDE IN AN AEROPLANE"

By LT. OVERHOLSER.

To many, in fact, to most people, there is still something fascinating in the idea of travelling by air. The ability to see the earth spread out beneath one, the speed attained, and the element of danger, all constitute potent attractions. Perhaps, then, a brief account of how an aeroplane trip struck a neophyte may be of interest.

One morning in November, while in Toul, I happened to meet a second Lieutenant of the air service who was going to the nearby aviation field at Colombe-les-Belle to take a machine from there to his squadron near Verdun. He offered to take me along and as I had never before been so fortunate as to have an aeroplane trip, I was "on."

He was assigned a Salmson machine, carrying one observer in addition to the pilot. The machine had been used previously, but had been carefully overhauled, and was in excellent condition. By about 3 o'clock everything was ready, so in we climbed.

In this type of machine the observer's seat is just to the rear of the wings, about eight feet behind the pilot's. The seat is low, so that only the observer's head and shoulders are visible above the top of the body of the aeroplane. The observer is held in (in case of accident) by a belt; this belt, however, has a safety catch which can be released at once in the event of necessity. There is a wind-shield directly in front of the observer. On account of the rush of wind and the noise of the motor, of course, conversation with the pilot is impossible, except by a speaking tube.

The day was fairly chilly, and dubiously cloudy, the sun showing only at intervals. There was comparatively little wind.

The plan was to head north to Toul, (leaving me there if practicable) then follow the Meuse River, finally cutting west to Souilly.

At last the mechanics started the motor and released the machine. We ran along the ground to the starting-point, and then ascended. Now much may have been written about the thrills accompanying an ascent. If there be any unusual sensations at such a time, I missed them. There was a steady and very marked vibration of the whole framework of the body, as might be expected. As for jolts, however, there were none. It was, indeed, hard to realize that we were at last in the air. I could see the ground steadily receding, but the ascent was so gradual that there was no sensation comparable, for instance, to that experienced in a rapid elevator.

And the rush of wind! That, of course, was constant, and as I had no headgear, I could judge it well. My scalp was positively sore from the way the wind tugged at my hair. Especially in looking over the side was this noticeable, as then there was no interruption by the wind-shield. I knew that we were going at the rate of at least one hundred miles an hour, but it seemed hardly possible. After all, of course, there is every reason why an estimation of speed in the air should be difficult to one not accustomed to travelling that way, for all stationary objects (which serve as criteria) are a half-mile or more away. Distance from the earth, too, is hard to judge. I realized, however, from the distance I was able to see and the apparent size of the buildings I knew (when we passed over Toul) that we must be half a mile or more above the ground.

Dizziness? I felt none, yet leaning out of a fourth story window usually gives me a few qualms. The psychological explanation of this phenomenon I leave to someone else.

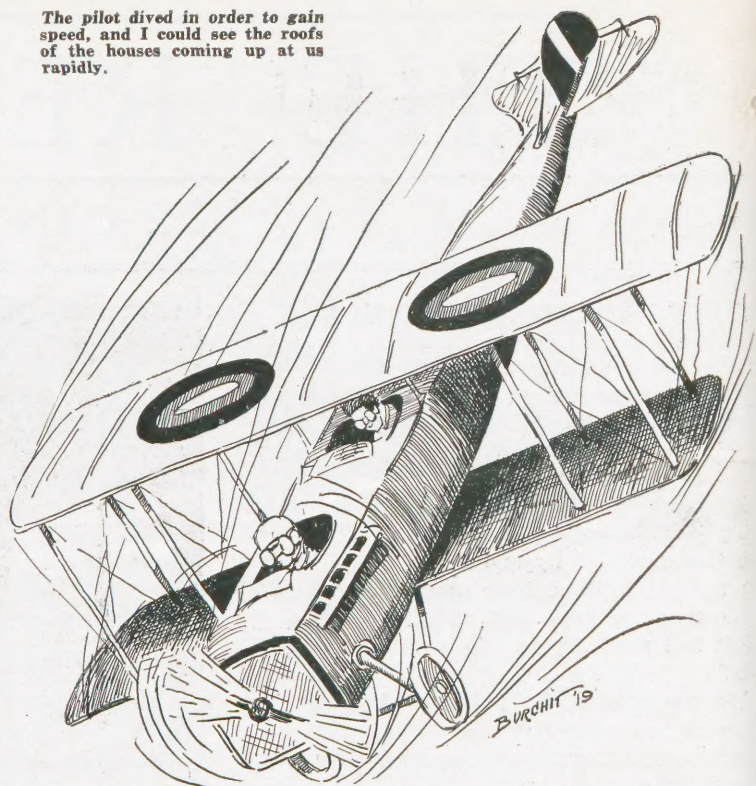
How did things look? What I thought at the time, and all I can saw now, is "Exactly as I should expect them to look, having seen the photographs." Here I could see a little farmhouse, surrounded by its fields; there the white road, winding through the countryside; in the distance, the buildings and churches of Toul. And so it went, one scene rather rapidly merging into another.

The pilot was unable to locate the fields at Toul, so we passed over that historic city without slowing down.

From Toul we followed along a stream, over rather sparsely settled country. The clouds were rather more numerous here, and we passed through a few fleecy ones. It was as if a thin veil were interposed between us and the earth for a few seconds; none were dense enough to obscure the view completely.

After travelling about half an hour, the pilot discovered that the country was an unfamiliar one; in other words, from Toul he had followed a branch of the Moselle instead of the Meuse, a fairly easy mistake to make, as the map will show. At any rate, the best thing was to descend and inquire as to our location. Just beyond the fields beneath us we could see a gulch, through which ran a stream. On the nearer side of the stream were some iron-foundries, while on the fur-

The pilot dived in order to gain speed, and I could see the roofs of the houses coming up at us rapidly.

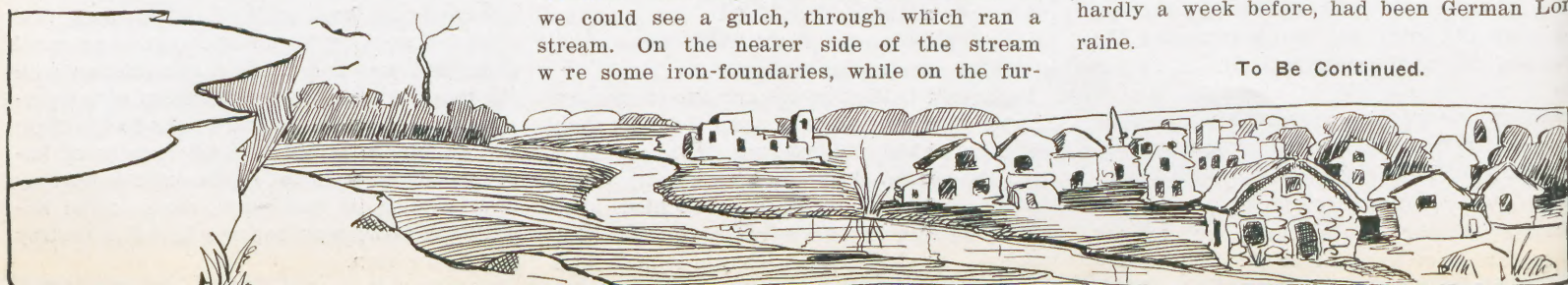


ther was a fairly compact village. Just beyond the village, on the other bank of the gulch, was a narrow field, on either side of which were dense woods.

The pilot cut off the motor, and started to descend, the better to look for a landing-place. Having located a suitable spot, he attempted to start the motor again, but on account of there being a good deal of water in the gasoline, the motor would not start! It was a time for quick thought and action. Here we were, directly over a town, at a fairly low altitude, with a "dead" motor! The pilot dived in order to gain speed, and I could see the roofs of the houses coming up at us rapidly. I braced myself, in preparation for the crash which I expected to follow. But no crash came. The speed attained was sufficient to carry the machine over the village to the narrow field I have mentioned, where we made an excellent landing.

No sooner had we climbed out of the machine than the inhabitants of the town came running toward us, probably expecting to find a wreck. Finding that they spoke French (not German), we asked where we were and found that we had landed in Homécourt, about five kilometers south of Briey. It was growing dark, and on the hills about three kilometers east of us were glittering the light of what hardly a week before, had been German Lorraine.

To Be Continued.





**FOR SALE CHEAP**  
ALL SPACE IN THIS PAPER  
DEVOTED TO ME —  
HOMER BUNKER

S'MATTER BUNK?



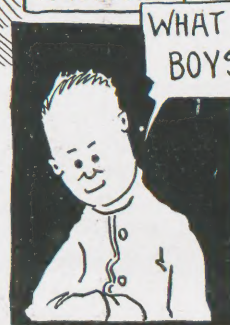
SGT. GILES HAS  
RECENTLY BECOME  
A CROCHET BUG —



WHY THERES  
CORPORAL  
IRISH!

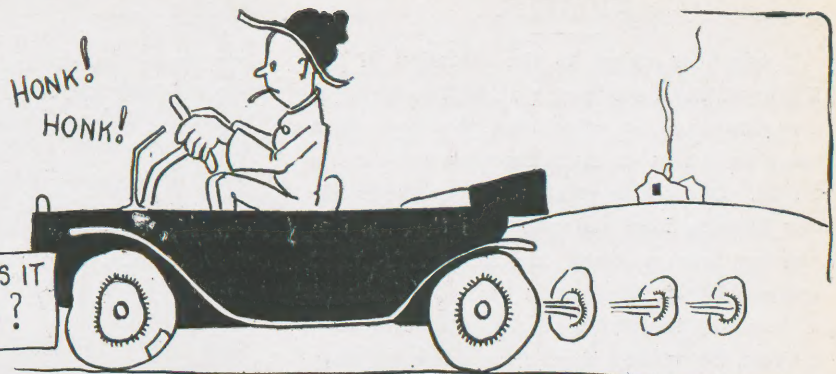


CANTEEN



WHAT IS IT  
BOYS?

PROHIBITION HAS UPSET  
MAYO'S PLANS — HE EXPECTED  
TO BECOME A BAR TENDER



SGT. CARLSON IS BACK ON THE JOB  
AGAIN WITH HIS TIN LIZZY



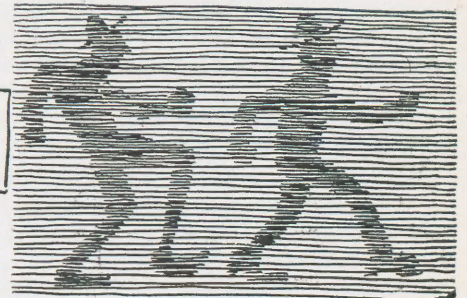
MASCH BRINGS A NEW SONG  
BACK FROM MILWAUKEE

BURCHIT



JAKE BROWNE  
EVERY NIGHT IN "B"

WHAT SAY  
KID?  
2 BITS?



PICKOO NIGHT TRIP TO THE OVA

### PICKED UP HERE AND THERE.

Our handsome first class private, Arthur Masch, has recently had a little misfortune, that of losing his best girl in Walpole. Masch was very much interested in a lady in the aforementioned metropolis previous to his going home on a short furlough a week ago. Upon his return he learned that one of the second lieutenants of our post had beat him to it and was a regular caller at the young lady's home. "Masch, we are sorry for you, but blame it on the telephone operator he must have given him one of your calls."

"Joke" Conway is becoming quite popular in Walpole since being promoted to Private first class. The girls all stare at him as he passes and say, "Oh, look at his pretty chevrons." When answering the telephone Joe never forgets to say, "Private first class Conway speaking." Go to it Joe, some day more elaborate chevrons may find their way to that sleeve of yours.

Corporal Irish received a very severe injury last week while receiving a much needed hair cut from our barber, Corporal John Gallagher. The barber was trying to brush the long curls out of his hair and in order to do so had to

get a flying start. Coming towards his head with the brush at an awful speed he took poor aim and struck Irish just above the eye. A deep gash was inflicted and the corporal had to be sent to the infirmary for treatment.

Mr. and Mrs. G. Lockwood, of Brooklyn, N. Y., visited with the latter's brother, George Hawkins, at this hospital during the past week.

Corporal Stanton, of the information office of the hospital, has been promoted to the rank of Sergeant. The corporal is a very busy man and has proven very efficient in the discharge of his duties.

Mrs. Flora Karp and Charles Karp, of New York City, visited recently with the former's son at this hospital. John is doing very nicely and the visit of his mother seems to have cheered him very much.

Sergeant Jose Perez has returned to this hospital after having a three months' leave. The sergeant was granted a leave sometime ago and while in New York City was struck by an automobile and seriously injured. He was sent to the Marine Hospital for treatment, and as soon as his condition would permit, was sent to this post. He is at present in the

infirmary but will be able to get out in a very short time.

Mr. and Mrs. Polyan and John Polyan, of Chicago, spent several days at the hospital during the past week. They visited with their son, Frank, who is improving very nicely.

Corporal Walter Braun has returned from his home in New York City, having stopped there while returning from a trip to the west, to which place he escorted one of our discharged patients.

Corporal Tate has been a patient in the infirmary during the past week. The corporal is now on duty again and seems to be in fine shape to show us how they play baseball in the south. Tate is our ten second man.

Private Peter Apostolakos has been granted a ten day furlough and is visiting his parents at Washington, D. C.

Mrs. A. C. Everingham and Miss Ethel Rudy of Miami, Ohio, have returned to their home after visiting the former's son, Harry Everingham, at the hospital. The son is doing nicely and will soon be able to go to his home



## NICKELS.

It has been called to the attention of the Editor of the Reclaimer that on two separate occasions men or officers on this post have complained that the Reclaimer was not worth a nickel. One officer compared it to the Saturday Evening Post and remarked that the Reclaimer was a sorry nickel's worth when compared with the former.

We admit it. And we know wherein we are lacking, for we too, appreciate a regular magazine when we see it and we have not seen any person on this or any other post who had a monopoly on interest in interesting things. We would also call the attention of the officer who made the above comparison that he is a sorry specimen when compared to General John G. Pershing and hope that he will now know wherein he is lacking. Comparisons surely are odorous to say the least.

Both men and newspapers which have behind them the requisite stamina flourish when they are in a position to do so but many a good man and many a good newspaper has languished in its corner for lack of stimulating opportunity. Vegetable life and fresh air are of interest largely to scientists, artists and eccentric nature lovers. Other people only love them to a degree and therefore to the average citizen who requires to be interested in a violent manner before he feels that he has a nickel's worth, such vegetable life and fresh air do not furnish the necessary variety of interests. We regret that they do not.

When the field from which an activity draws its material is very limited, there is one unfailing source from which it can draw and that is the loyalty of its supporters. Any hospital activity is just what its friends and promoters make it. Support consists of two things which are always welcome to the man in charge. The contributions in the way of ideas and constructive criticism. All else is superfluous, if not positively harmful.

The Reclaimer, like other enterprises on this post has had to stand for a lot of "crabbing" and this does not reflect so much on the various enterprises as it does on the "crabbers." It shows poor team play on their part and lack of loyalty to the best at hand. On the other hand, it is refreshing to remember that no honest effort over a period of time ever escaped this sort of thing.

We believe that a hospital publication at this hospital is needed and that our present one should be more interesting than it is. It is up to you Mr. Reader to make it interesting by contributing things of interest that you know of.

If anybody feels that five cents is too much for the Reclaimer we will donate him one free of charge and he can sell it to some second hand paper dealer and make money at that.

If you think that your hospital paper is not right, help make it right. If you think it is right, help make it better, but whatever you do don't make your living in the mourner's section of the grandstand.

## PATIENTS ADMITTED MARCH 29.

Cpl. Raoul Comsche; Cook Arthur Noble; Privates Clarence Carr, John Daley, Caspare Guicardo, William Haviland, Peter Jackson, William Kavanagh, Thomas Kilbrido, John Martin, Francis Murphy, Homer Nein, Fred Niclas, Robert Spann, Robert Smith, Harry Thompson, James Ward, William Weimer, Elmer Weissman, George Zepp.

The following patients were admitted March 24, 1919:

Sgt. Walter Granger; Privates Frank Baxter, John Devito, Harold Hawkins, John Harrington, John J. Henry, Archie Hoyt, Charles Michaels, Armond Vezina, John Caygone, Louis Weisberg, Arnold Cox, Elmer Goodale, David B. Lane.

Captain Albert Johnson, of the State of Washington, just discharged from the United States Military Service, has returned to his seat in Congress.

"Our duty is not ended yet," declared the soldier Congressman. "The real test of patriotism comes now when American citizens are asked to finish paying for the war by buying Government securities although hostilities have ceased.

"My Experience in the Army has taught me what these boys have had to go through, and since this money is to be used in bringing them home and in looking out for their welfare until they have found jobs, every citizen should support this worthy cause.

## FAMOUS PEOPLE

## No. 5.



"SLIM"

## CHANGES AT THE HOSPITAL.

There have been several changes at the hospital in the personnel during the past week that materially alter both the staff of officers and the enlisted men's personnel.

Lieutenant Bruno, Lieutenant Murphy, and Captain Lawrence have been discharged from the service and have returned to their homes. This has meant quite a large depletion of the comparatively small staff which is maintained at this post. We regret to see these men go but will say in the way of sympathy that there are few men who do not more or less envy them for this fortunate occasion.

Lieut. Marvel had hoped to be transferred to General Hospital No. 10 upon the arrival of Lt. Murphy, and indeed, his orders had come through to that effect but before the transaction could be carried out, Lt. Murphy's discharge went through and Lt. Marvel was forced to remain, at least until another officer can arrive who will take his place. We are sorry, Lieutenant, better luck next time.

Lieut. Oberdorfer is soon to be discharged from the service and will leave when he has straightened out his affairs with Captain W. H. Dyer, who has arrived to take his place. Captain Dyer arrived last Friday, being transferred from Camp McLellan, Alabama. From the Captain's description, we should judge that there are many places worse than U. S. G. H. No. 34, and at least as far as the Mess is concerned, Camp McLellan is one of them. The new officer is to have charge of the Ophthalmological Department in place of Lt. Oberdorfer. The latter will proceed to his home in New York.

Last Saturday evening, Captain Thomas E. Griffith, of the 4th Mechanics Regiment, of the Air Service arrived for duty at this post. Lt. Overholser dubbed him Chief Agronomist and we think that he got this confused with the plain old Anglo-Saxon word "farmer"—for such, we hear, is to be the profession of the erstwhile Aeronaut. The Captain saw six months' service with the S. O. S. in France as engineer in the rear of the Aeroplane activities. Since that time he has been working in the Air Service Department, at the Field at Garden City, Long Island. We bid the new officers welcome and hope that however long they stay with us that their stay may be pleasant indeed.

The Medical Detachment of this hospital was increased this week by the arrival of twenty-seven men from Fort Hancock, Georgia. These men were recently transferred to the Medical Corps from a Machine Gun Battalion. They have already been assigned to duty and have been given quarters at the Oval. The men, of whom are privates are:

Albert Minick, Scott McKinley, Bernard Wiemann, David Lamb, Luigi Zinke, Charles Whaitte, Gustaf Engstrom, Carl Haugen, John Kuck, John Simpson, James Henderson, Ernest Johnson, Stephen Nielsen, Roy Reaford, John Price, Hollis Taylor, Thomas Wigley, George Radek, William White, Charles Dodge, Orville Yerton, August Heinle, John Schiff, Grant Hall, Darwin Iversch, Fred Krabiell, Amos Tokenheim.



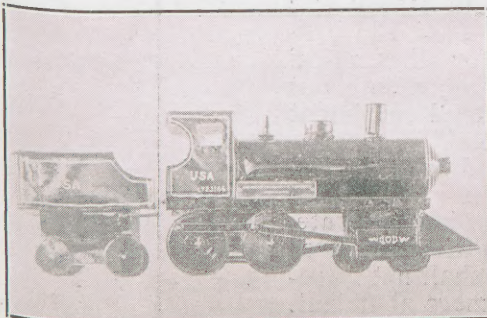


PRODUCTS OF OUR TOY SHOP.

## THE TOY SHOP.

By A Patient.

The toy shop at the Government Hospital at East Norfolk, Massachusetts, in charge of Misses Bond, Lambert and Coughlin, is a very interesting place. The articles made there by wounded soldiers can be used and are used with much success. Article of value, such as are not made in other shops, are made of discarded material, such as tin cans. A tin steam roller made by Private William Sanders an exact type of the steam roller used in improving roads and used in some sections of the country for rolling wheat lands was made. Rugs, foot stools, top aeroplanes and in fact new ideas are brought out, which in might never have been brought out in our country without the management and supervision of this shop and hospital. Also it is quite interesting to visitors at the hospital. I



am making a toy engine perhaps a little out of style in model, but made from baking powder cans, coffee cans, can lids, a little wire and the paint too, and then it is finished. One fellow made a steamboat toy out of a sardine can. I guess that he had a dream about Steamboat Bill, well anyway he named it South Dakota and they raise wheat there. As I look around I almost imagine I am in Ringling Brothers circus, no, Colonel Cody's show. Well everyone is busy and my locomotive is unfinished so me for the paint.

L. P. MOTT.

## JUST A JOB.

Is it just a job that is yours to hold,  
A task that offers you so much gold,  
Just so much work that is yours to do,  
With never a greater goal in view?  
What do you see at your desk or loom,  
Or the spot you fill in life's busy room?  
Merely a flickering lamp that burns  
With a sickly light as the mill wheel turns  
And the same old grind in the same old ways  
With all the to-morrows like yesterdays!

Is it just a job, just a task to do,  
So many pieces to build anew?  
So many figures to add, and then  
Home for a while and back again?  
Are you just a clerk in a gaudy shop,  
Pleased when a customer fails to stop,  
Finding no joy in the things you sell,  
Sullenly waiting the quitting bell?  
Are your thoughts confined to the narrow  
space  
And the dreariness of your present place?

Is it just a job, or a golden chance?  
The first grim post of a fine advance,  
The starting place on the road which leads  
To the better joys and the bigger deeds,  
Do your thoughts go out to the days to be?  
Can our eyes look over the drudgery  
And see in the distance the splendid glow  
Of the broader life that you, too many, know?  
What is your view of your circumstance  
Is it just a job or the golden chance?

## JE M'EN VAIS A LA GUERRE.

(Continued from Page 3)

At 7 A. M. we disembarked and were walking through the deserted streets of the city—deserted of all men only young boys and women left behind; and one man, a poor sorry looking cripple from birth came to yell in a weak, high-pitched voice, "Vive L'Amerique," "Vive L'Amerique." Several blind soldiers were led about in silence by little girls and so we marched on. Occasionally a woman in black looked out of a curtained window and

smiled a sad smile and turned away. I could not help but contrast the deserted streets of this city with those I had seen a few years ago on a visit to France, previous to the great war which had taken all of the male population.

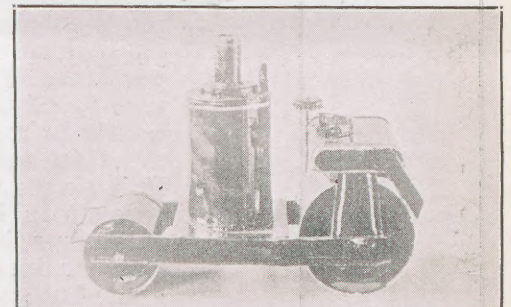
We finally reached our rest camp tired and hungry for we had had only a small evening lunch in England consisting of some jam and bread which we carried along with us, no breakfast, and a long hike of five miles with heavy packs. No matter how much the individual might like something the wheels of the army red tape cannot be made to turn any faster and so we had to wait in line for several hours when we were finally assigned to quarters and given a chance to look about our paddock.

## THE DEPARTMENT OF OCCUPATIONAL THERAPY.

"The Arts and Crafts movement of today is a part of the great movement in education. It proclaims to the world that beauty, skill and education are for all; that the common thing should be made beautiful, and the beautiful, universal."

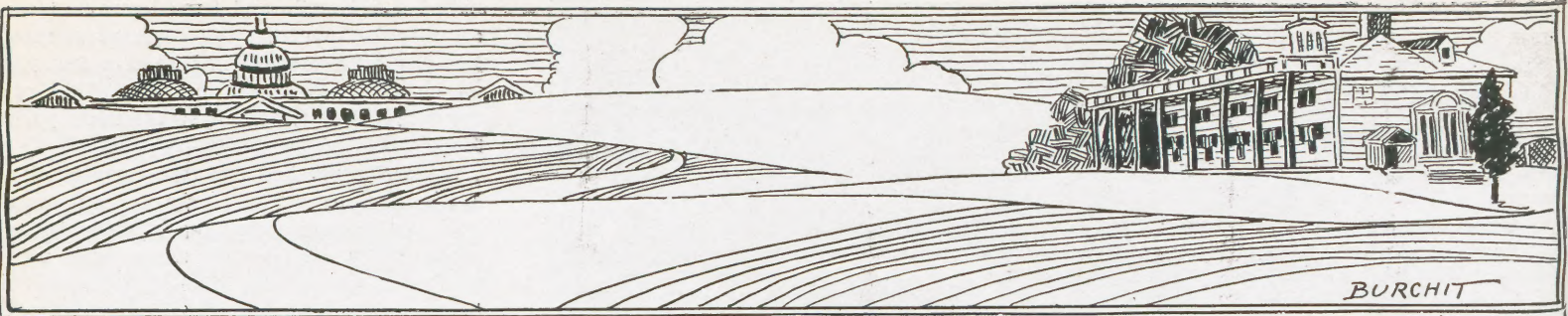
To all the readers of the Reclaimer and their friends, we extend a cordial invitation to visit the Occupational Therapy Shop. Every day between the hours of 8 A. M. and 5 P. M. and on Saturday until twelve o'clock you will find between twenty and thirty patients making toys in the shop. The shop has been open now for over two months. During this time over one hundred wooden toys have been made by the patients, also more than one hundred reed baskets, numerous tin toys, eight rugs woven, toy cabinets, foot stools, woven bags, hat bands, and flower boxes, the latter for use in the Mess Hall.

The photograph shows a toy Steam Roller in the foreground made of waste tin. It was made from a syrup can, two shaving tins, two



tobacco cans and a baking powder can. The toy was made by Private Sanders, a patient who became much interested in the work and made aeroplanes as well. The work of the Department is an excellent one due to the fact that it involves the patient's initiative, mental vision and skill for design. Many interesting toy aeroplanes are made from these waste tin cans. Come and see the boys at work. These articles are for sale and we would be glad to sell you one. They are real toys made by real soldiers in the United States Army.





### EDITORIAL

The attitude which demands the purest and finest in life, or none, is not so necessarily an attitude of financial position as it is one of spiritual cultivation. Mankind has not by any means, as yet, discovered the last implications of its ability to distinguish finer values. It is a great optimism which believes that as we develop through the years, we shall be vouchsafed more wonderful revelations from nature than, in our present condition, we can dream of. The universe is infinity and its pathway is bordered with endless variety that holds in store constant interest for the explorer who can appreciate it. We need minds that can, at once, appreciate the greatness of the life that surrounds us and its wonderful, intricate, component structure. This constitutes real greatness.

The phrase "Good taste" has come to have a sort of flatness and commonplace air about it, and yet nevertheless, it implies something truly noble. It tells of our fathers' struggle to lift themselves out of the crude patrimony of animal nature and realize in themselves a gentility which is their proper estate. It tells of the seed they planted in the ground, which grew and became beautiful and fragrant, from which they learned their lesson of living,—we are no longer like the earth from which we came. When it is ours, it tells of the fact that we have grown with the world we live in.

Good taste as exhibited in a person's choices is the expression of their development. In this matter, crudity and true finesse are the opposite states of culture and indicate whether the person is capable of making finer distinctions in life, and whether or not he is still living on the plane where the swine live who rate pearls and pebbles in the same class.

To illustrate: many thousands of years ago, when the diamond was discovered, it was much appreciated among civilized peoples for its great beauty in the display of its colors. And they knew that its beauty was much enhanced by its very subtlety. Yet many declared that the brilliant which is a much coarser stone was equally beautiful for all practical purposes. There was a distinction that many could not appreciate but true "good taste" dictated that where any deep and beautiful sentiment was to be expressed, the diamond was of superlative value.

Good taste, in its essence, is not rich or gaudy or proud or exclusive. It is simple and partakes of the childlike quality of nature. Good taste consists in thinking and living those things which essentially elevate. It requires that we shall reverence ourselves and others with whom we live: that our lives shall be an exposition of this reverence. We shall not retrograde but go forward. Our lives shall not be meagre but more abundant. God respected His children when he gave them this world: He never cast his pearls before swine; but He has set His hand eternally before the way of those who will not appreciate His masterpiece. It is His law that those who know life must live themselves in the finest and most intelligent manner. Then know yourself: the beggar refuses the gift because he cannot appreciate it. The man who can appreciate accepted it because for him, the abundant life was more fitting.



# THE RECLAIMER

Published by and for the officers and men of U. S. G. H. No. 34 by the authority of the Surgeon General of the Army.

## HOSPITAL STAFF

Commanding Officer .....Lt.-Col. William H. Smith, M.C.U.S.A.  
Post Adjutant ..... Capt. Robert E. Baldwin, M.C.U.S.A.

## EDITORIAL STAFF

Lt. R. B. Blakney .....Editor-in-Chief  
Sgt. Howard Burchit .....Art Editor  
Sgt. Ralph Giles .....Circulation Mgr.  
Pvt. Rowland R. Lehman.....Business Mgr.

## TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION

\$2.00 per year, 5c per copy.

All remittances should be addressed to the Business Manager of the Reclaimer, U.S.A. General Hospital No. 34, East Norfolk, Mass.

## OF INTEREST TO ARMY FOLKS.

Information concerning opportunities for employment in the federal civil service to soldiers who are to be discharged from army general hospitals is to be disseminated by the Civil Service Commission. This work of aiding discharged soldiers to return to civilian occupations has been postponed by the Commission in the case of general hospitals in the expectation that there would be legislative provision which would permit some degree of release from the civil-service regulations as to physical requirements in favor of men who were injured in the service. Such a measure having failed of definite consideration before the adjournment of Congress, the Commission now desires to proceed in the matter and to appoint its representatives at army hospitals to inform the men as to the facts relating to civil service employment.

In a letter to Surgeon General Ireland, President Morrison of the Civil Service Commission requests that the commanding officers of the army general hospitals cooperate with the commission in this work. General Ireland has directed commanding officers of all base and general hospitals to give the fullest cooperation in the work and to render every possible assistance to the representatives of the Commission.

At camps in this country in which base hospitals are located the Commission has already appointed camp representatives, either a Y. M. C. A. or other organization secretary, and in some instances army officers. The Commission will determine by communication with its camp representatives whether or not it will be necessary to appoint a separate representative at the base hospital.

In its work at general hospitals the Commission plans to communicate with or have one of its traveling representatives call upon the commanding officer at each hospital, inviting him to suggest some person permanently located at the hospital to undertake the work of representing the commission. The commission will fully instruct these representatives so selected and keep them advised as to changes and new positions open to discharged men. The work is to be expedited, as it is realized that the extension of the civil service activities to hospitals has been somewhat delayed.

## FROM THE CHAPLAIN'S POINT OF VIEW.

Last Sunday there was some difficulty about all the services, due to the fact that the change in the clocks did not go into effect as universally as desired. We all hope that by next Sunday everybody will be sufficiently acclimated to the new time that they can come to church on time.

At the Post Service Mrs. Donovan sang a solo entitled, "Jesus Lover of My Soul." Her singing added much to the service and we thank her most heartily for the treat that she gave us. Mrs. Donovan has promised to sing for us whenever possible to her.

"This is life eternal: that they might know Thee, the only true God, and Jesus Christ whom Thou hast sent."

It's all right boys to dress up in your chevrons and badges received by you for service in the foreign armies, in case you are among those who saw service in the army of any other country in the late war. The War Department has ruled that officers and enlisted men of the U. S. Army who served in the armies of any of our allies in the late war, are authorized to wear any chevrons or badges denoting such service which may have been awarded to them by the government of the country in whose army they served.

Be ready for the fire drills boys. The Surgeon General of the Army has issued credentials to Capt. Harry D. Collins, a fire department expert of the Fire and Accident Prevention Branch of the Purchase, Storage and Traffic Division, on his visitation of various hospitals to inspect the fire fighting facilities. He is to organize fire companies and review the fire drills at hospitals under the jurisdiction of the Surgeon General. Commanding officers of all U. S. Army general hospitals have been instructed to afford the Captain every facility for prosecuting his work, which includes the giving of advice and assistance in the organization and training of fire fighting units, in organizing and conducting fire drills, and in other methods relative to fire prevention as may be necessary in order to eliminate fire hazards.

## PROFANITY.

One of the great evils of almost all army posts is the evil of profanity. The following article has come to our attention as being the product of the pen of Dr. Frank Crane who is one of America's greatest writers and popular preachers. We earnestly recommend what he has to say on almost any subject as being worthy of careful consideration. Read this and then think about it:

The trouble with profanity is not so much that it is wicked, as that it is just plain dirty. It is not so much that you shock religious people as that you disgust decent people, that we object to it.

Swearers are behind the times. They are hold-overs from a former century.

Nowadays anybody who swears is set down at once as being coarse and vulgar.

The young man who wants to succeed needs to take advantage of everything that may help him on. And swearing will be a black mark against him in any job he may have.

And if he wants to associate with the right sort of girls he must keep his talk clean.

Nobody wants a swearer in the office, nor in the workshop, nor on the train, nor in the hotel. The only place swearing fits is the saloon.

Swearing means you don't know how to talk. Your vocabulary is limited. It is the sign of ignorance.

Swearing means weakness. You will notice that forceful men, whose words carry weight, use simple, plain words.

When you swear it shows your ignorance. It is the petty refuge of the helpless. If you can help a thing, help it; if not, keep still; anyway don't swear.

Swearing has bad kin. It goes with ignorance, brutality, cruelty, drunkenness, licentiousness, viciousness, and anger. And you can tell a habit by the company it keeps.

Swearing that is the sudden, impulsive exclamation is not so bad as compared with swearing that has become a vile habit. And when a man gets the habit of sprinkling oaths through his speech constantly he ought to be tied out in the barn with the pigs.

To abstain from swearing does not mean you are a sissy. It simply means that you are decent.

To show that you are manly, you don't have to have a dirty face, nor black finger nails, nor greasy clothes, nor tousled hair. You can be manly though clean. And you are not showing any manliness by filthy talk.

Even if you want to hurt anybody's feelings, or insult any one the worst way, use plain English; it hurts much more than curses.

Altogether, swearing is a useless, unclean, and offensive habit.

Quit it!

Private Marvin Conger returned to this post last week after spending a ten day furlough at his home in Washington, D. C. Conger took unto himself a wife while at home but we have seen no cigars as yet. This marriage "stuff" seems to be catching and unless it stops the Colonel will soon put an end to all furloughs.





FIGHTING THE FLAMES.

## PRAISE FOR OVERSEAS MEN

Praise for the "fine and unselfish character" of the service rendered by the officers and men of the Medical Department with the American overseas forces whose "achievements have added new glory to the noble professions they have so ably represented," is contained in a letter of General Pershing to Colonel Walter D. McCaw, Chief Surgeon of the American Expeditionary Forces, made public by the Surgeon General.

"Now that active operations are at an end, and many officers and enlisted personnel are preparing to sever their connection with the military forces and return to civil life, I desire to express my personal appreciation and thanks and that of your fellow members of the American Expeditionary Forces to you, and through you to the members of your department, for the splendid service they have rendered," say General Pershing.

"At the front and in the long chain of hospitals extending down to the Base Ports, I have watched the fine and unselfish character of their work, and the achievements which have added new glory to the noble professions they have so ably represented. Many of them have shared with the line troops the hardships of campaign conditions and have sustained casualties and privations with fortitude that is beyond praise. No labor has been too exhausting and no danger too great to prevent their full discharge of duty.

"A special word of thanks is due to those members who were attached to and served continuously with the armies of our Allies. Their efficiency and high ideals have called for the highest praise of the Allied Governments under whom they have served.

"Before they leave France, will you convey to all ranks under your command the deep sense of my personal appreciation of their splendid services and my regret at the impracticability of sending each and every one of them a letter of thanks."

## Victory Liberty Bonds

"Every American soldier now in France, every soldier on the high seas returning to native shores, every man in the United States Army and Navy discharged or still in the service represents a distinct financial problem to be met by the United States Government.

"Every case of unemployment represents another financial problem. These problems must be handled by the Government and through the Government by the men, women and children of the country. Our brave soldiers must be brought home. We must see that they find suitable employment. The work of rehabilitating the wounded, of bringing about economic adjustment, must be accomplished with the aid of the people.

"The next issue of Victory Liberty Bonds must be met and every loyal citizen who has the best interest of the Republic at heart should fulfil his 1918 War Savings Stamp pledges and 'go his limit' on the 1919 issue. The Government needs the help of each individual now as much as when we had a war to win. There is no sacrifice involved in the purchase of War Savings Stamps and other Government securities. On the contrary there is a distinct personal advantage."

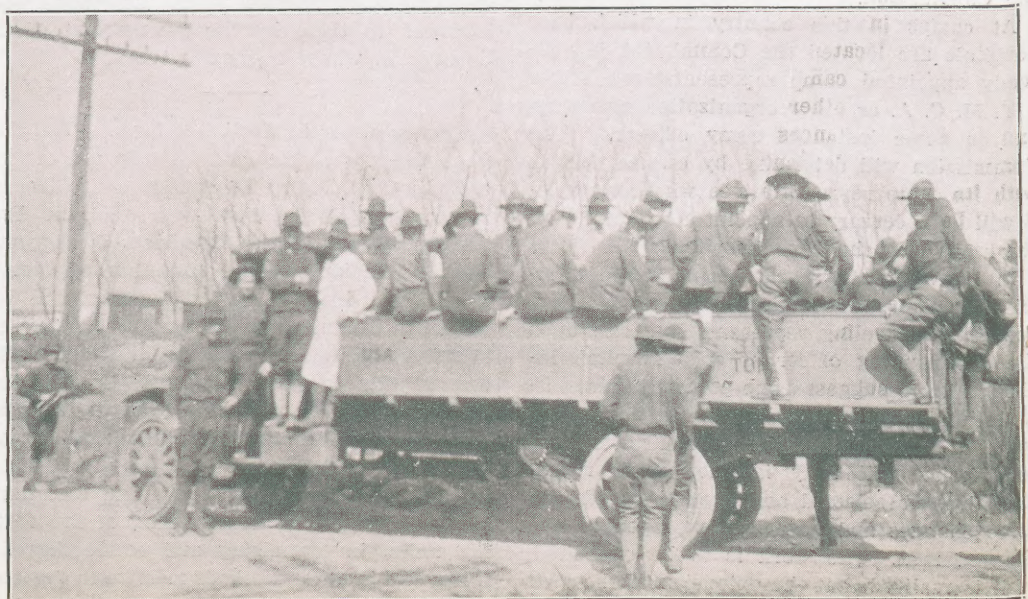
From July 1, 1917 to March 13, 1919, there were 442 casualties among medical officers of the American Expeditionary Forces in France. They were divided as follows:

- Died of wounds 22.
- Died of accident 9.
- Died of disease 101.
- Killed in action 46.
- Lost at sea 4.
- Missing in action 7.
- Suicide 3.
- Wounded in action, degree undetermined 47.
- Prisoners not wounded 33.
- Wounded in action, severe 93.
- Wounded in action, slight 72.

## OUR SECOND BATTLE.

The Corps men of this hospital have won great notoriety as fire fighters during the past few weeks. They assisted in saving the furniture at the home of Mr. Hays several weeks ago. On Tuesday last they were called upon to help the men of Pondville in fighting a forest fire, which for some moments threatened to destroy the town. The boys were rushed to the scene of the blaze in the large army truck and soon were beating it back with branches and brooms. After a hard fight the combined force of men and soldiers, soon had the fire under control. Mr. Tucker, of Pondville, wishes to thank all the men of the hospital who so willingly responded to his call and did such fine work.

Private Fred Rosengrant has been granted a furlough and is visiting his parents at Plains, Penna. He was accompanied home by his sister who has been visiting with him at the hospital for sometime.



FIRE QUILTS WHEN IT SEES THIS COMING.



# THREE AND TWO



HEAP  
FAST BALL  
UGH!

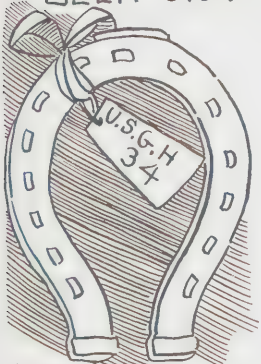
BAT-REES FOR  
TO DAYS GAME  
ARE



SAFE



THE "OWL" SWINGS LIKE A  
BEER SIGN IN A HIGH WIND



TIME TO SHINE  
— IT UP —



"BUSH LEAGUE" PICKETTS  
LOOPING THE LOOP OFF 1ST BASE

"SILK" O'LAUGHLIN TATE - OUR  
"CORPORAL MAJOR" - HIS "UMPS"  
NEEDS SOME NEW SPECKS -



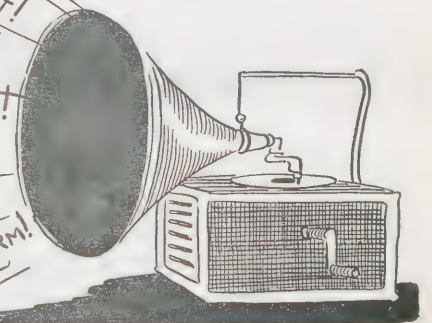
WHO SAID N.Y. STATE  
LEAGUE?



MASCH SHOULD  
MAKE GOOD IN THE  
FIELD — PICKING DAISIES

LET'S HAVE IT!  
AT-A-WORKIN!  
ALL-A-TIME BO!  
CUM ON-TALK TO IM!

PUT EM OVER KID!  
TAKE A LEAD!  
DOWN WITH HIS ARM!

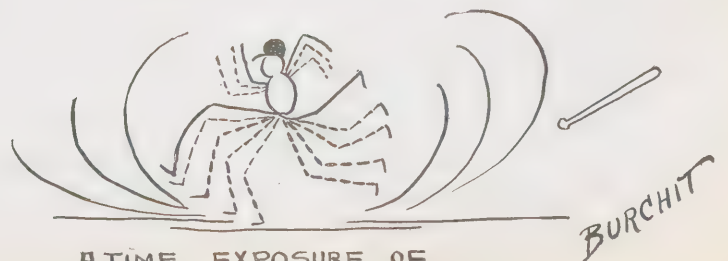


IT MIGHT BE WELL TO PUT A TALKING  
MACHINE OUT ON THE COACHING LINE —  
WE NEED MORE CHATTER —

HAW HAW  
I SHOULD HOPE TO  
MUTTER —  
I MANAGED A  
TEAM



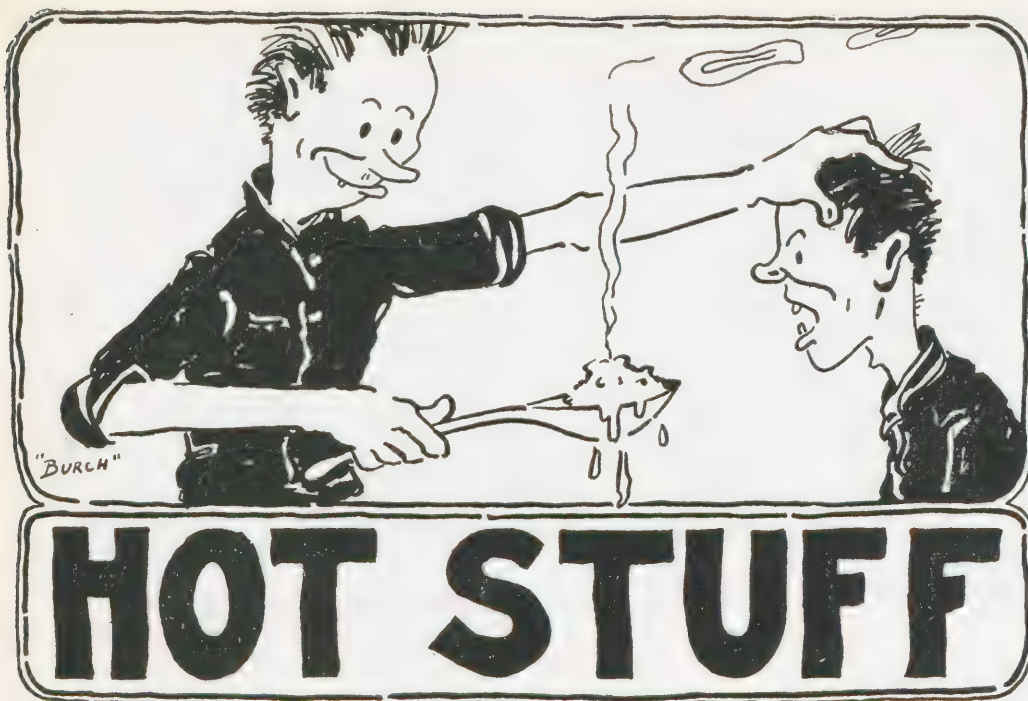
MANAGE ME EYE  
YOU RUINED IT!



ATIME EXPOSURE OF  
ROSENBERG RUNNING TO FIRST

BURCHIT





### A Practical Pessimist

A buck private in the "chow house" continued to eat serenely after all the rest of the company had had their fill. After ten minutes had passed the cook said disgustedly:

"There's going to be another meal at five o'clock, you know."

"That's what I thought once before our house burnt down," said the heavy eater. "I ain't taking any more chances."

### The Irreducible Minimum

A negro soldier was "crabbing" about doing so much hiking in the mud and rain just before the beginning of the Argonne "push."

A white soldier overhearing him, said: "Why, Snowball, you know very well if you were discharged and the United States got in another war you would enlist again."

"Enlist agin?" said the indignant ducky, "Say, white man, the next time they has a wah, if they wants to find this niggah they's goin' to burn the brush and sift the ashes."

### As They Sat Side By Side on the Sofa:

Her—What is Taps?

Him—A bugle call at ten o'clock that means "lights out."

Her—Well, it's ten o'clock.

She—And did you bring me back any souvenir?

He—Yes, here's a German bullet that the doctor took out of my leg.

She—Oh! I wish it had been a Ger-

### Peaches First

Two boys on their way to the front purchased a can of peaches between them. As they neared the lines several shells whistled over them covering them with dirt and small stones.

"Pretty close, what?" asked one.

"Too darn close. We'd better eat those peaches now because we're liable to be bumped off any minute."

### Geometrically Speaking

Private Gadd (speaking of a colored man who was admitted to the hospital)—"Major McPherson. I believe that man is a octagon."

Get the dictionary—Gadd.

### Sitting Game

At a cavalry post on the border recently, the Officer of the Day was making the rounds of the post. It was after challenging time. He seated himself on the corner post of a fence and waited for the sentry. The sentry, a recruit from the woods of Maine, rode slowly up and stopped only a few feet from the O. D. After waiting in silence for a few moments the officer asked:

"Well, what are you going to say?"

"Durned if I know what to say," drawled the recruit, "If you were walking I'd say 'Halt!'"

### One on the Bugler

Sentry—Halt! Who's there?

Challenged One—Bugler of the post.

Sentry—Stand where you are, you son-of-a-gun. There will be no reveille

## THERE ARE SHIRTS BUT THIS IS THE TALE.

Scene: Officer's Quarters in the Farmhouse;  
Dramatis Personae: Severeal Mad Captains and Lieutenants.

We were reverting to the old days down on the farm, for last Sunday evening some of the Officers had their shirts washed by the venerable servant Sam, who does things like that and then hangs them out on the fence. All they know about them after the foregoing is that they disappeared and Capt. Townsend, Capt. Sullivan and Lieutenant Flood sat around and made remarks on Sam's person and whoever stole the shirts. They wanted to advertise a reward for the return of the shirts for they could not go to any more dances if the shirts were permanently lost.

Capt. Townsend had planned to watch them very closely, for one of the shirts was a personal belonging. However, he was called away from his post by someone and upon his return the shirts were gone. He immediately called the corporal of the guard and a thorough search was begun. Meanwhile, Lieutenant Flood was notified of the theft and he at once ordered a detail of men to go out through the surrounding towns and watch for the thieves. The only clue that could be secured by any of the men was that several persons had been trying to pawn three shirts at a second hand store in Boston. At once Captain Sullivan was called on the telephone and asked to furnish transportation for a detail of men to go to Boston in search for the missing shirts. Of course he consented, for like the others he wanted his shirt back very badly. Then the three officers decided to put the advertisement in the Boston newspapers and after a week's hard study finally succeeded in constructing what they considered a good ad. However, the mail man, on the morning on which the ad was to go to Boston, brought to the officers in a very neatly wrapped package the missing shirts. Well, all this is a mystery to the officers but for once they must admit that some one has slipped a real joke over on them.

Editorial Note: Blame the women.

Mr. Sick Man in the hospital, the bed which has been provided for your comfort while convalescing, is yours and yours only, and is not to be used by men on duty status. The question was referred to the Secretary of War, and he has rendered a decision to this effect. He has sustained the opinion of the medical department that beds and bedding of superior type purchased specifically for use of the sick should not be used for men on duty status.

### Military Courtesy

Drill Sergeant (decidedly peeved)—Look here, you; whenever you address me you want to say, "Yes, sir," or "No, sir." Can that "Nope" and "Yep." We don't rate satultes, but we do rate respect. Y'get me?



# PORT OF MISSING MEN

Beginning next week, the Port of Missing Men will be published in forty-nine soldier publications, covering the territory from New York to San Francisco. This will bring the inquiries for missing soldiers to the attention of fully three hundred and fifty thousand soldiers each week, and will greatly increase the chances of locating thru this column soldiers about whom nothing has been heard in months. This sudden increase in the scope of the Port of Missing Men has been brought about by the realization of its possibilities on the part of the War Work Council of the Y. M. C. A., and also the American Red Cross. In an announcement last Sunday, the Y. M. C. A. stated that the Port of Missing Men would be published in each of the seventeen soldier newspapers affiliated with Trench and Camp, and that, in addition, lists of these inquiries will be placed in the Bulletin Boards at the head of each Company post at the various camps at which these newspapers are published.

The American Red Cross announced simultaneously that each day at Brest ten Red Cross workers would be sent through the Brest Camp with these lists to make personal inquiries of the soldiers at Brest regarding these missing men.

Inquiries continue to pour in from all parts of the country and anxious families and relatives frequently receive joyous news from returned soldiers who give information relative to the men about whom the inquiries are made.

The success of the Port of Missing Men depends on its soldier readers. Remember the anxiously awaiting relatives at home, and do your duty. Read all these inquiries carefully and if you are able to give any information about these missing men, do it immediately and bring happiness to a home.

MARCHESE, COSINO, Pvt., Co. M, 106th Inf. Reported missing in action Sept. 26. Last heard from Sept. 23.

Inquiry from Rose Katalanoto, P. S. 23, Con-seleya St., Brooklyn, N. Y.

MOYE, MICHAEL J., Pvt., Hdq. Co., 9th Inf. Reported missing in action July 18.

Inquiry from Mrs. Mary Farrell, 355 York St., Jersey City, N. J.

MEEHAN, WILLIAM C., Pvt., Co. A, 357th Inf. Reported killed in action Oct. 23. Last heard from Oct. 15.

Inquiry from Mrs. Julia A. Meehan, 240 W. 4th St., New York City.

OLDHAM, WILLIAM R., Sgt., Co. A, 316th Supply Train, 91st Div. Last heard from Oct. 13.

Inquiry from Alice Oldham, Cranford, N. J.

REDDING, ALLEN H., Sgt. Bat. E, 307th F. A. Last heard from Oct. 24.

Inquiry from Mrs. Bessie D. Shaughnessy, 120 W. 70th St., New York City.

RITTER, JOHN C., Pvt., Co. H, 110th Inf. Last heard from Sept. 12. Last seen Sept. 28.

Inquiry from Mrs. Ellen M. Ritter, 172 Ralph Ave., Brooklyn, N. Y.

ROACH, JEREMIAH F., Pvt., Co. E, 316th Inf. Army Serial No. 1,395,006. Reported wounded Oct. 17. Last heard from Sept. 22.

Inquiry from Miss Genevieve Roach, 645 55th St., Brooklyn, N. Y.

RYAN, FRANCIS E., Sgt., Co. E, 306th Inf. Reported wounded Oct. 3. Reported dead Oct. 6. Believed to have been taken to Hospital No. 110, A. E. F.

Inquiry from Frances E. Ryan, 236 W. 122nd St., New York City.

ROBERTS, IVAN ANDREW, Lieut., 1st Pursuit Groupe, A. S., 27th Div. Reported missing in action Sept. 25. Since reported killed on Oct. 1.

Inquiry from Miss Dorothy Thomson, Disbursing office, 280 Broadway, Room 533, New York City.

SEILER, BENJ., Pvt. Co. B, 110th Infantry, 28th Division. Missing in action since October 8th, 1918.

Inquiry from Pvt. H. Glickman, Ward 39, U. S. A. General Hospital No. 1.

SCHNARR, GEORGE B. H., Pvt., 18th Co., 5th Reg., U. S. Marines. Reported wounded in action July 21.

Inquiry from Soldiers' and Sailors' Municipal Aid Bureau, Mayor's office, City Hall, Newark, N. J.

SHELTON, GRAYSON, Pvt., M. G. Co., 5th Regt., U. S. Marines. Reported as having died from wounds Oct. 6. Last heard from Sept. 23.

Inquiry from F. L. Shelton, 5168 Easton Ave., St. Louis, Mo.

SMITH, MORELL, 2nd Lieut., Co. C, 310th Inf., 78th Div.

Inquiry from Dr. Charles B. Smith, Newton, Bucks Co., Pa.

STONE, JAMES, Pvt., Co. I, 105th Inf., 27th Div. Reported missing in action Nov. 22.

Inquiry from Pvt. John Lambrecht, 331 East 30th St., New York City.

TREADWAY, LEROY JAMES, Sgt., Co. E, 307th Inf., 77th Div. Sent to hospital because of sickness on Nov. 9. Last heard from while in hospital.

Inquiry from F. W. Treadway, Groton, Conn.

TREAT, EVERETT SUMNER, Pvt., Co. M, 163rd Inf., 76th Div. Last heard from Aug. 14. Reported missing in action Oct. 4.

Inquiry from Edwin C. Treat, 45 E. 17th St., New York City.

WEBSTER, CHURCHILL P., Pvt., Co. C, 105th M. G. Bn., 27th Div. Reported dead Oct. 25.

Inquiry from George G. Webster, 307 Lennox Ave., New York City.

WHYTE, CHARLES H., Pvt., Co. M, 110th Inf. Last heard from Sept. 30.

Inquiry from Mrs. A. S. Whyte, 170 North 4th St., Paterson, N. J.

SULLIVAN, JAMES J., Pvt. Co. M, 145th Inf., 37th Division. Reported slightly wounded September 30th.

Inquiry from Mrs. C. Sullivan, 921 Greenfield Ave., Greenfield, Pittsburgh, Pa.

McQUAID, JESSE K., Cpl. Co. F, 111th Inf., 28th Division. Last heard from Dec. 26th, Bunes, France.

Inquiry from Mrs. J. F. McQuaid, 36 Chapman St., Ingram, Pa.

WEED, JAMES ELDON, Pvt., Co. L, 320th Inf. Last heard from Oct. 23.

Inquiry from Mrs. B. M. Ogden, 1319 McNeilly St., Dormont, Pittsburgh, Pa.

STENICKA, FRANK, Co. F, 59th Inf., 4th Div. Last heard from Oct. 28, 1918. Reported in hospital in France.

Inquiry from Mrs. M. Stenicka.

SMYTON, WILLIAM, Pvt., Co. A, 306th Eng. Last heard from by letter dated Oct. 13, 1918.

Inquiry from Anna J. Hassey, 312 West 22d St., N. Y. C.

INCE, PATRICK JAMES, Pvt., Co. I, 346th Inf. Last heard from on Aug. 13, 1918, on leaving Camp Dix for France.

Inquiry from M. White, 217 W. 66th St., N. Y. C.

MANSEL, E. KAISER, No. 2,105,513 Bar-neersville, O. Last heard from Sept. 19, 1918.

MOLL, FRANK J., Pvt., M. G., Co. 106th Inf., 27th Div. Last letter dated Sept. 15th, 1918. Reported missing since Sept. 27, 1918.

Inquiry from May Moll, 992 Madison St., Brooklyn, N. Y.

POE, GEORGE H., Sgt., Co. L, 127th Inf. Last heard from in July, 1918.

Inquiry from Cecile K. Fox, 265 Danforth St., Jersey City, N. J.

REYNOLDS, HORACE, Corp., Co. D, 141st Inf., 36th Div. Address A. P. O. 796.

REYNOLDS, LEON, Lieut., Co. F, 144th Inf., 36th Div.

Inquiry from Hazel Reynolds, 815 Traphagen St., West Hoboken, N. J.

SVIHURA, STEPHEN G., Pvt., Co. F, 308th Inf., 77th Div. Reported missing since Oct. 25, 1918. Last letter dated Sept. 30, 1918.

Inquiry from Mrs. S. Svihura, 255 East 70th St., and Anthony Svihura, 344 East 61st St., N. Y. C.

WAGNER, FRED, Pvt., Co. M, 309th Inf. Last heard from Sept. 3, 1918.

Inquiry from George S. Milliken, 114 Hamilton Ave., Passaic, N. J.

WACHTEL, MAURICE, Pvt., Co. B, 307th Inf., 77th Div. Reported wounded in action Sept. 8, 1918. Taken to Field Hospital No. 307 and shortly after evacuated elsewhere.

Inquiry from Irving Beck Wachtel, 417 Miller Ave., Brooklyn, N. Y.

WOODS, WILLIAM P., Sgt., Co. K, 64th Inf., Army Serial No. 1,033,886.

Inquiry from Mrs. Gott, 685 Humbolt St., Brooklyn, N. Y.

MORK, FREDERICK O., Pvt., Co. C, 316th Inf., 79th Div., Serial No. 3,193,931. Last heard from Sept. 23, 1918. Reported missing in action Sept. 26, 1918.

Inquiry from Hilda A. Johnson, 301 St. Mark's Ave., Brooklyn, N. Y.

SIEBERT, WILLIAM, Corp., Co. G, 327 Inf. 82nd Div. Wounded Sept. 30, 1918. Last heard from Nov. 25, 1918, as in Base Hospital No. 19. Address A. P. O. 781.

Inquiry from Mrs. D. Siebert, 965 Forest Ave., Bronx, N. Y.

SEXTON, DAVID, Sgt., Supply Co., 38th Inf. Last heard from Sept. 22, 1918.

Inquiry from L. Valentine, 220 East 50th St., N. Y. C.





# ***Armour & Co.***

**Star Hams and Bacon  
Sold Everywhere**



## **Medfield Manor**

*Dinner Dansants*

*Parties Accommodated*

**Medfield, Mass.**

Established 1860

E. P. RANDLETT, Pres.

Incorporated 1908

## **F. E. HARDING COMPANY**

**AGENTS BOSTON FISH PIER CO.**

Wholesale Dealers in

## **Fresh Fish**

**16 BOSTON FISH PIER  
BOSTON, MASS.**

## **FRANK P. TONER**

**Confectionery  
and Ice Cream**

*"The Place That is Different"*

**NORTH ATTLEBORO, MASS.**



Tel. Richmond 1463

Osmon C. Bailey, Pres.

# Lowell Bros. & Bailey Co.

## FRUIT and PRODUCE



69, 71 & 73 Clinton St.

BOSTON, MASS.



For the Candy Lover

### *Merchants:*

*We have a good sale  
in your town!*

*Why not advertise in*

*The Reclaimer?*

Lieut. R. A. MARVEL

*Business Manager*



---

---

**FLOUR**

**GRAIN**

**HAY**

**COAL**

**BUILDING MATERIAL**

**W. K. GILMORE & SONS, Inc.**

**Franklin, Walpole, Wrentham, Norfolk, Mass.**

---

---

*Everybody in the Army smokes*

**MANCO**

**PERFECTOS**

**10c STRAIGHT**

They have a smoothness, aroma and fragrance that are found  
in no other cigar at equal price

**FOR SALE AT THE CANTEEN**

**JOSEPH P. MANNING CO.**  
Boston, Mass.